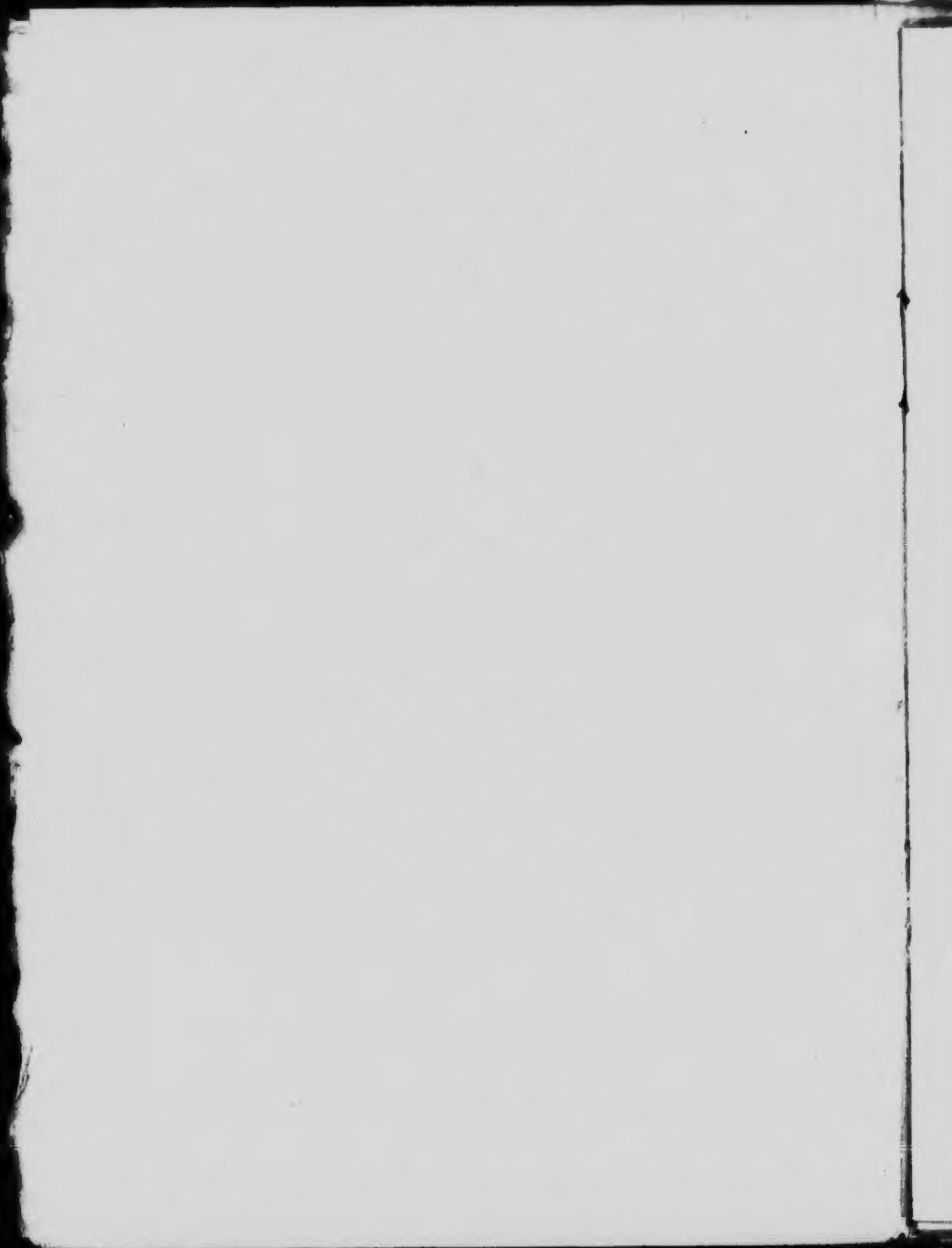


Jean Bateese
At The Carnival



W. M. MacKeracher



**JEAN BATEESE AT
THE CARNIVAL**

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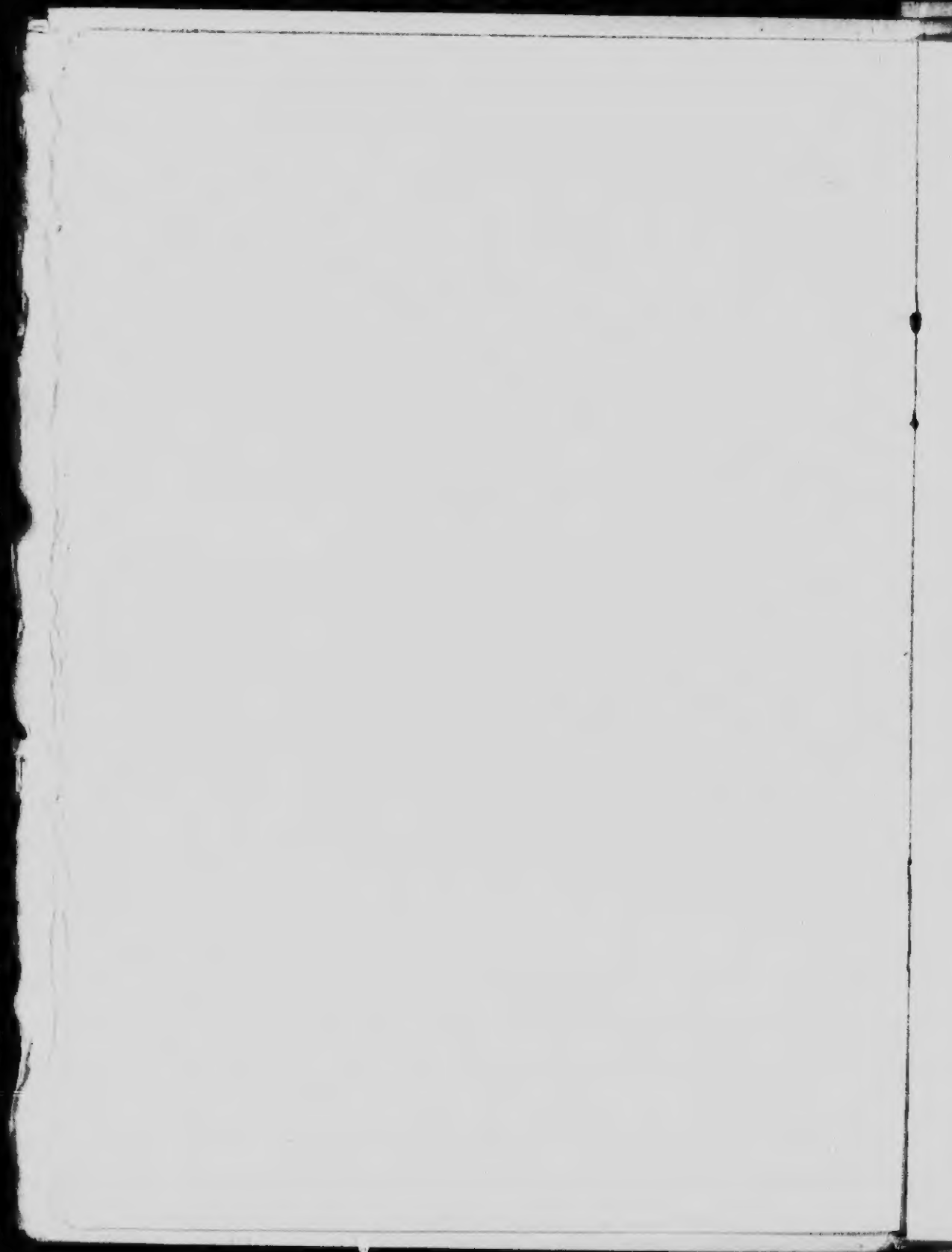
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THIS little effort to amuse was written without the slightest feeling of disrespect for the French Canadian rustic. In fact, "Jean Bateese" as we meet him here and in compositions of this class, is hardly any longer a real personage, but a tradition, a character in literature, where the work of the late Dr. Drummond especially has made his place secure for a long time to come. Nor, as a real personage, was he ever a subject for ridicule. Because he knew our language better than we knew his, and was courteous and bold enough to use it even when he was conscious that he was not proficient in it, and because his speech revealed the delightful simplicity, kindliness and shrewdness of his character, he has given us occasion to laugh ; but, the laughter was always of the most friendly sort, evoked by "the touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

W. M. M.



Mr. Racey's illustrations had their origin in sketches which he made of people on the Isle of Orleans at the time of the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration.



"A'm here, b'en oui, dat's me, dat's me,"

Jean Bateese at the Carnival.



HM here, b'en oui ; dat's me, dat's me,—
Bateese you call "hol' pal,"
Come on ma Sunday clo'es for see
De famous Carnaval.
De house of hice, le beau palais,
Merveilleux à toute heure;
A'm tink of some hol' château gai
Vieux temps of de seigneurs ;
A'm watch de sun shine on de wall—
C'est extra, magnifique ;
An' night more better, bes' of hall,
Wit' t'ousand light 'lectricque.

An' hall ma fr'en' dey're here also,
From round Ste. Philomène;
A'm meet dem heverywhere A'm go,
En foule—seven, eight, nine, ten :
Philippe Hebert, Damase Beauchamp,
Cle'phas Le Rossignol,
Narcisse MacLaren, Jules Le Blanc
An' Poleon Chabasol.
Dey're comin' lots from Beauharnois,
An' from St. Isidore ;
From Chrysostome dere's un, deux, trois ;
From Hemmingsford, t'ree, four.
A'm see two, t'ree from Fertile Creek,
From St. Etienne a coup',
Some from St. Sacrament d'Howeck,
An' place you call Peasoup.

DAT'S greates' t'ing A nevare see—
Dey're come from hall aroun',
From Valleyfiel' an' St. Remi
An' Malachi D'Ormastown ;
From Ste. Martine an' Reeve Bean
Dey're bringin' carpet bag,—
From St. Urbain an' le Mara'
An' St. Louis Gonzague.
An' one beeg sport he's comin' far ;
He's lak it lots of fun ;
He's travel on de baggage car
Hall way from Huntingdon.
We're moche oblige' de Beeg Tronk road
For tiquette pas trop cher ;
Dat's leave more money to be blowed
On city heverywhere.

A got lots fr'en' on city too,—
Dat's partly why A'm come :
Ma leetle cousin, Blaise Heroux,
And Telesphore Prudhomme,
Fred Deschamps, Adélard Lavoie,—
Swell fellow dose, you bet !—
Hector Lajoie and Joe Dequoy
And Louis Valiquette.

For me, de city !—beeg hexpense !—
But, ah ! de Great White Way !—
Some curieuse hexperience
A have mos' hevery day.

A'M go'n' to see de house of glace
Wit' ma fr'en' Telesphore—
Dat's yesterday—A'm go'n' to pass
Maself on de front door.
A'm smokin' ma hol' peep of clay,
An' feelin' beeg an' proud :
Man stop me on de door an' say,
"No smoking here allowed."
A say, "Pourquoi?" He say, "Tête dure,"
An' spik me very stern,
"Dees place of mine is not insure';
Be dead loss if she burn."

Dat's not to laugh ; pas drole, ça ; bah !
More worser t'ing was when
A'm come near catchin' col', c'est vra',
Dans la Rue St. Antoine.
Dat's Saturday. On Friday night,
At hotel where A ham,
A'm sit hup very late an' write
Long letter to ma famme.
Nex' morning, après dejeuner,
A'm go for leetle tramp,
Pers on small magasin an' pay
Two cen' for two cen' stamp,
Pick on de corner henvelope,
Come hout, walk two, t'ree blocks,
Look hup an' down de street in hope
To find some letter-box.



"An' hall ma fr'en' dey're here also,"

T'REE leetle boy come soon in sight ;
 Dey're go'n' to show me better ;
 "Oncle," de spik me mos' polite,
 "You're want for pos' your letter ?
 Oui ? Come." Dey bring me where was nail'
 Red box on telegraph pole ;
 "Dat's place" dey say, "for put de mail ;
 Take key, put in key-hole ;
 Open de door, put letter dere ;
 Shut door, an' lock her tight ;
 You'll soon get answer, Oncle cher :
 Your letter's pos' hall right."
 An' when dose gamins run away
 A don' suspect notting ;
 A'm walkin' off, mais qu'est ce que c'est ?
 Cet effrayant clang, cling ?
 De tam A'm askin' dat is brief,
 De pompiers come tout d' suite,
 Hose-waggon, ladder, hengine, chief,
 Rush up an' fill de street.
 Dey look for fire, here, heverywhere,
 Den search de letter-box ;
 An' when dey fin' ma letter dere,
 Dey're mad lak fightin' cocks.
 A'm say, "Don' touch ma letter, please,"
 Dey're say, "You geev alarm,"
 An' t'ree, four, six, beeg firemen seize
 Me roughly by de harm.

HAVE bad tam for leetle while ;
A'm fraid A'm go'n' to get 'er ;
Dey're geev me lesson on one style
How not to pos' a letter.
Dey're go'n' to turn de hose on me ;
Mais non—dey let me go ;
A'm lucky, sure, and glad for see
Dose lots of brave fellow.

Beaux ch'veaux aussi ; fine horse, b'en oui—
Dere's one nice team of grey.
A'm glad de hose not turn on me,
For Saturday col' day.
Col' day, you bet ! de thermomet'
Was spikin' purty low,
An heverybody say, "Fa' fret,"
"Fa' fret" or "Fa' pas chaud."
A don' care me ; ça m'est égal ;
A lak dat tam fort b'en ;
Dat's wedder for de Carnaval ;
Good winter Canayen

SOME peep' dey say it's grande pitié
Dat hall de worl' he's know
Dat hevery year on dees contré
We got some hice an' snow.
A'm not ashame' for dat, pas moi ;
A'm love le bel hiver,
De sun, de brilliant star, ma foi !
De clear an' healt'y hair :
Dat's de bes' winter tam by far ;
Dat's full of hoxxygen ;
An' two, t'ree honder years, by gar!
He's makin' firs' class men.

Of course, he's col', dat's very plain,
He col', but dat's hall right ;
Dat's mak de blood run on de vein,
And geev us good 'petite.
An' when we have de beeg col' snap,
A'm t'ink, ba gosh ! dat's great—
Mebbe not for dose Kipling chap,
Or fellow from de State.

One tam A'm go leev on de State,
Down Sout', on Marylan' ;
No snow, for sure—hall winter straight
He's rain to beat de ban'.
A nevare feel so col' before—
Ma blood jus' lak latire—
Don' run at all ; A'm glad encore
A'm back an' leevin' here.



"Dat's place, dey say, for pat de mail ;"

H'M glad A'm leav on Canadaw
An' come on Mon' real ;
An' hall dose curieuse t'ing A saw
A'll 'member teel nex' fall.
A'll member difference between
Pos'-box and fire-alarm ;
A'll member hall dose lovely scene,
De beauty and de charm.
A'm not forget de Carnaval
Right off de winter pass,
De sport, firework and—bes' of hall—
Le beau palais de glace.

Nex' summer when A'm fork de hay,
Dose hot tam on July,
When no win' blow de long, long day,
An' no cloud in de sky ;
When A ham wet hall t'rough wit' sweat
An' tak ma red mouchware,
An' wipe ma face an' puff an' fret,
An' t'ink A'm go n' to swear ;
Be sure A'll tol' maself once, twice,
"Bateese, c'on' be a fool ;
Dat grande, magnifique house of hicc
Remember, and keep cool."

